THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Samuel D. Patterson & Co. Publishers.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1845. WHOLE NO. 1274.

☞ THE ONLY $2.00 MAGAZINE.

LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE For 1846.

EDITED BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Original Poetry.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

My heavenly muse, awake, lit up thine ears!
And to deep thought, let all thy powers arise!
Come, sing the close of time, with solemn sound.
Where, amidst, where gone, no mortal will reveal.
And all the sons of Adam's race must die
And meet a vast, a long, Eternity!
Important hour! oh, great tremendous day!
When yonder vast expanse shall melt away,
The rolling sun in darkness hides his rays;
Or flees before the Godhead's awful blaze;
While flaming fire is through the imperial hurled
And spreading round, consumes the spacious world.
And thou, my soul, must meet the Eternal God,
Adopt his smiles, or sink beneath his rod.
Nor raise thy voice with joy as then dost love,
To sing the close of time, a New born Year.
The seasons, now no more shall move around,
No signs express the limits of earthly bounds.
But all are changed for an eternal scene.
And all that's without a change, is changed.
Come, then my soul arise, and bless thy God
Who spared thy life so long, withheld in vil,
And opened his exhaustless stores of love,
While their rich streams have rolled on either side,—
Adorn him for the blessing of the past,
And spend this year, in praise of his last.

Dawn in the breath he gives, and eye his ways,
Then breathe it back in gratitude and praise.
As steady, as the hours and moments fly,
So time converted to love, and learn to fly.
That the approach of none may fire thy song
And furnish matter to employ thy tongue.

Original Tales.

MARRIED IN A JEST; OR, The Table Turned on a Practical JOKER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY J. AUSTIN SPERRY.

Delilah Moore! Delilah Moore! you'll be caught in your own trap some day, (a rain with which the reader is doubtless familiar,) at a more fitting time and place opportunity. he was mortified at her seeming want of modesty in demanding of m pre sence of so many witnesses—notwithstanding that the night had been sent out of the room a moment previous.

Why how can I find you in the dark?" he stammered.

"A pretty excuse, indeed! Here I am behind the table, ready to meet you half way over it, and all in dark, and a merry party close at hand, and yet you to hide my blushes."

The company were electrified at this unlooked for form of address. Walter's gallantry enable to withstand a second appeal; urged him reluctantly to the table, where a loud smack announced that the young lady addressed, anticipating sport a some kind, was not slow to comply, and upon her appearance with the light, there was the fun-loving girl, her fair fingers clenching tightly the great ears of the unfortunate tender organ maid, whose sharp voice was held forward across the table in the precise spot Walter had approached to pay the last kiss he intended to Miss Olivia Allerpoint, in the light with which Molly participated in the jest. Of course, the continued love was greeted with contemptuous shouts of laughter, in which a later grace was forced to join in, while, at the same time, he made an obstreperous manifestation of disgust, by spitting and handkerchiefing to his mouth the object of the joke, however, Delilah alone enjoyed. While the latter continued to turn the laugh against Walter, she had no notion of being defeated of her device—but had in reality succeeded the kiss herself.

"Now, Delilah," continued Delilah, continued the same provoking, pretty, bewitching, mischievous little madcap as ever, with the exception that her beauty was not altogether as handsome as formerly, but became more seriously annoying to those the latter. To be sure she never occasioned pain to the heart, but would now and then excite a groan over her inconsiderateness with a persistence that was truly unreasonable it lasted. But the colonel of the night's entertainment, in proportion to the great which at the moment oppressed them, and the more acute mortification for the consequences of one excess than she was guilty of a greater. Her mother scolded, her father threatened, and her lover remained, all of whom ineffectually. The latter, indeed, sometimes thought seriously of giving up her entirely, on his judgment whispered him that she was totally incompatible in her disposition to make him happy, but her beauty, the very much a mixture of mischief and caprice yet never how his heart or the other scale always kicked the beam against his reason and he could not muster resolution to forsake her. Apart from her multitude qualities personally, we assume every charm desirable in a woman and Walter prejudged himself into forbearance and lived along in the hope that some day she would outgrow many of her conduct, and settle down finally to love, honor and obey, on sober reconsiderations, as a sensible woman should.

In the meanwhile the various members of Delilah's family, who were kept in a continual torment by her unaccountable freaks, had determined to put a stop to them, after deliberation, it was resolved that she must be reared, and her worthy uncle, the banker, was appointed with the task.

"So uncle, you've undertaken to cure my—what the deuce shall I call it—Delilah? I have no doubt you've a remedy for practical joking," exclaimed Delilah, as she tripped into his office the day after the bolting of the family council.

"Kill or cure, you jade—that's my maxim," returned the Doctor lately, without taking his eyes from the paper upon which he was inditing a prescription.

"Ha! what a dear barbarous old uncle you are! But I hope you will adopt the less severe treatment in my case.

"Homœopathy be hanged!" The Doctor was intolerant of all innovations.

"I am quite taken with homœopathy of late," continued Delilah. "I have read a book on the subject, and have taken it into my head that I can cure you of your doctor's spleen."

"Impose me compromise it 'cause her," said the Doctor, peering over his spectacles with a twinkle of his small round eyes that meant more than he chose to express. Then more plainly, that the company were ripe for fun, and considered the impudent stranger a fair butt, the giddy girl acted as if allowing the landlord—

"Bring a broom Cousin Jack, and let me prove my gratitude to Monsieur by jumping the broom stick with him.

Jump the broomstick with the Count de Lapplandaise! screamed the gay Monsieur, highly delighted with a wish "no, no, my little one, well manage it better. Here's a young friend of mine" pushing a young gentleman forward, "who is dying to—I can play parson for the nonce and I'll furnish the best groom.

"But Monsieur has not signified his pleasure in the matter yet" said Delilah with an inquiring glance at the Count.

"Oh!" exclaimed the latter "I have so much pleasure I cannot express—

"Very good," said Cousin Jack, "just take your places now, and let the ceremony proceed."

The Count, begged a few moment's delay for the purpose of providing himself with a white vest, after which he declared indispensible. Leave being granted, he entered the house to make the proposed change of dress, and the young gentleman who had been called upon to officiate followed him to procure, he said, a dictionary or a prayer book to read the service from. They returned together, in about ten minutes; the mock ceremony was performed, and the pair pronounced man and wife.

"Now, Madame," said the Count, with a slight assumption of lordly authority, "my coach is out and I reserve shall make de pleasure to my palace in de country."

"Not so fast, Monsieur; I believe in your courtship, and perhaps very speedily do not love be gallant, and so I am now a French woman. I shall adopt French customs.

"Jacobson—Madame Jacobson de Frenchman come in de republique he is an de republicans."

"We will discuss that question at another time," said Delilah. "for the present, dear Monsieur, adieu!"

The Count remonstrated vehemently in bad English, and with indescribable grimaces and gesticulations. Delilah laughed merrily, adjusted her bonnet, and left home, leaving behind her the count in a state of chagrin that completely punished his impudence, by making him the ridiculous hero of a practical joke.

This was at 4 o'clock, the dinner seeming that a servant tapped at the door of Delilah's chamber and delivered a message from her father, requesting her presence at the dinner table. She sent word that she never, for she had just been indulging in a short nap, she learned from the servant that the Count de Lapplandaise had been invited to dine with the family.

"Oh, madame, you pronounce de vord wrong," said the Count very coolly commenced dressing himself in his white vest, whistled, moustache and gave his spectacles. This done he laid his hand upon her arm, and dropping his assumed voice and dialect, said

"Perhaps, Delilah, you may find me neither a Monsieur or a Count after dinner.

At the first tones of the altered voice, Delilah started from her seat, and ere he had finished the sentence—overpowered with joyous emotion—had thrown herself, with a scream of delight, into the arms of her own loved Walter.

Half an hour elapsed ere when Doctor Moore entered, he found his niece cheerfully laughing over the last of many days. He knew about the full trouble of giving a homœopathic dose to the public proportions—you have perpetrated your own jest, Walter," said he.

"Why, what in the world can be the meaning of all this?" enquired Delilah, somewhat whether they were in a dream or not, "I thought you were a Frenchman."

"Your lady, Delilah, has at length awakened you to a sense of duty," said the old man, as he gave her arm, and dropping his assumed voice and dialect, said

"You would not heed my warnings," added Aunt Martha, "and parties—all of which seemed to no avail—I have been expecting it—chance at last has set them, "I have all along been an accidental cloud that the world being none such punctilious upon that sell."

"Countess Delilah de Lapplandaise!" broke forth the Doctor with sarcastic bitterness, in a pretty laughing shriek, truly, you have made an excellent beginning for your days. I have noted the full trouble of giving a homœopathic dose to the public proportions—you have perpetrated your own jest, Walter," said he.

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"Countess Delilah de Lapplandaise!" broke forth the Doctor with sarcastic bitterness, in a pretty laughing shriek, truly, you have made an excellent beginning for your days. I have noted the full trouble of giving a homœopathic dose to the public proportions—you have perpetrated your own jest, Walter," said he.

"How does the Countess Delilah de Lapplandaise like homœopathic remedies in allopathic proportions Walter," said he, in a tone of affectionate raillery.

"It was a cruel jest, but perhaps I deserved it," replied the laughing bride, "at any rate, I am so happy in being a woman once more, that I cannot feel angry with the perpetrators."

Delilah became to Walter a cheerful, devoted and amiable wife, but from that day forth exhibited practical joking. She has doubtless, by this time, become mortally dull—has become sensibly subdued in the action of a sharp knife.

"Mamie Mate!" said Cuffy in tremulous voice, "is there any thanks in Heaven?"

"Sharks" exclaimed that officer, whose name was Conroy "I don't know. I suppose so, of course What do you ask that for, Cuffy?"

"Why, Massa, look here a minute. Last night I took a good large piece of a rib pork from the kitchen cask, tied this strong rope round one with a timber hitch, well jammed and threw em over the bows to freshen. Not more 'n ten minutes after I see in the copper, and I no find em. Shark. I suppose bite off the rope, all same as cut it with a knife. See, Massa?"

Ah," said Mr. Conroy, after examining the rope, the shorter end of which was bitten off, and who let off that rope had sharp teeth and long ones too. It is not pleasant to have such a voracious monster cruising around the ship when one is on a boat, but it is not to be wondered at. He would make nothing of taking off a man's leg or an arm, if an opportunity offered him. I have seen a few in my time, and they are very dangerous."

In the course of the day, Mr. Conroy mentioned that he should be caused to be gone for a short time to a few fathoms of rattling stuff, and placed it on the forecastle. It rattled stiff, and to get another piece of beef, and threw it over for bows to freshen, which was done by the gunsmen could, who viewed with delight the preparations making for capturing the sea robber.

When the watch was set at night bells Mr. Conroy engaged the men to keep a good look out, and with the rest of the crew, and they should see any large fish approaching or swimming around the ship, during the night, to give him a call.

Now, everybody who has been in Havana, knows that the water in the harbor is comparatively free from—and any object swimming in the water, even if the night is quite dark, may be seen at a considerable distance from the vessel's sides, especially if the object is of a white hue, as that of a human body is.

It was about four o'clock in the morning, when the man who had the watch, abruptly entered the mate's state room, and informed Mr. Conroy that a large shark was alongside, and that they could hear it distinctly.

"Ah, ha!" said the mate, "that must be Mr. Shark, coming to see what has become of Cuffy's fish! I'll give him a meal which he will find it difficult to digest;" and he tightly tied his pantaloons at the ankles, and then descended into the water by the rope ladder, which was lowed all over the harbor. Like the sharp of the Florida Reefs, and realize a handsome profit by their enterprise. We have heard that sharks are sometimes taken in the harbor, but although I have often visited that place, I never saw one. There is no question, however why they should not afford delight to enter the harbor, and prowl about untenanted the shipping, and pick up a stray piece of beef, or a bit of pork, if they should happen to fall in their way. But to my story.

Some fifteen or twenty years ago—we were young then—a number of dashing, fine ship Cassandra, of Boston, entered the harbor of Havana, dropped her anchor, and on a few hours was snugly moored, under the direction of "John," the assistant Doctor Walter Moore. The next morning that important functionary, the cook—remarkably dark complexioned gentleman, by the way—named Cuffy, appreciated the chief mate, in a state of great perturbation, his self-possession completely restored, and in every way as sanguine as ever. He held in one hand a piece of a rope, and with the other pointed to the end of it, which was bitten off, as though it were recently exhibited to the action of a sharp knife.

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Now, everybody who has been in Havana, knows that the water in the harbor is comparatively free from—and any object swimming in the water, even if the night is quite dark, may be seen at a considerable distance from the vessel's sides, especially if the object is of a white hue, as that of a human body is.

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"Ah, ha!" said the mate, "that must be Mr. Shark, coming to see what has become of Cuffy's fish! I'll give him a meal which he will find it difficult to digest;" and he tightly tied his pantaloons at the ankles, and then descended into the water by the rope ladder, which was lowed all over the bows to the forecastle.

The starboard watch, consisting of the boatswain and six men, were sitting on the windlass, and the mate walked up to them, and said, in a low tone of voice,

"Keep quiet, my lads, and you shall see some fun. There is a shark alongside, and I am going to give him a meal which he will find it difficult to digest."

The men, who were all Americans, and knew their officer's character, were highly delighted at the prospect of a little fun, and remained perfectly quiet, while the mate walked up to the forecastle, and

New-Year's Poem.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing:
Toll ye the church bell sad and slow,
And toll softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still: he doth not move:
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend, and a true true love,
And the New-year will take 'em away.
Old year, you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim:
A jollier year we shall not see.
But though his eyes are waxing dim,
And though his face is pale and pinch'd in,
He was a friend to me.
Old year you shall not die:
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of jest and jape,
His heart was merry quite a'lot.
To one like me, across the waste,
He sent his last dark tide y-at-home,
But he'd be fond before.
Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New-year blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his room.

How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro.
The cricket chirps; the light burns low
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands, before you die.
Old year, we'd dearly rue for you:
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes: tie up his chin:
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone.
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new face at the door, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

From the Magazines.

FROM THE COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE, FOR JAN., 1846.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

BY MISS C. M. SEDGWICK.

I was on a visit, not long since, to a friend of mine, who still in the unimpaired maturity of life, is surrounded by grown and young children. Their summer residence is in the neighborhood of a charming populous village, and being a "most gracious lady," she is sometimes rather over visited by her social neighbors. We had one of those occasions, of which in June, give such an out-door freshness and fragrance and always an indoor sweet serenity—a rainy day. Days of rural dissipation, of rides drives, strolls and pic-nics had preceded it, and an immense batch of sewing had accumulated in my friend's work-basket. She called on all about her, and gave to each one an appropriate task. I took a pile of stockings, whose "windowed raggedness" was to me a mental reproof of our scrambles through the rocky beds of brooks and up the tangled mountain sides. Oh Clara dear, what the hell of "hook and eyeses" in the calf I had it, and little Lilly ran to replace the missing strings.

"You are good for nothing at our morning's business, said a forsaker household gem that for another and her girls, I have seldom seen. That comprehensive and trite description of mattress "fair, fat and forty" might be applied to my friend, but in her case the fortunate physical circumstances were symbols of moral wealth and beauty. That fair and full contented health produced by a true simplicity of living, by the most beneficent disposition and the constant serenity of temper; and the "forty" was forty years of moderation with only just so much of clouds as is necessary to keep frail human virtue alive and vigorous. Mrs. Reyburn, not premature filling her commodious wrapping, with her large work-basket on the table before her. Anne grateful tongued as she was with her book, and the younger girls, their needles in their fingers, their smiles" set on their low chair with their pretty work-bags and sewing implements beside them. The door opened into the garden, fresh and flowery in its young June beauty. The rain pattered musically on the door-step, and the sweet briar, honeysuckle and mignonette sent in to us their exquisite odors. The children's enjoyment of a moment the robins sweetest their throats. but the clouds dropping down the distant mountain's side insured the continuance of the morning's task, and we began our business with that placid contentment which comes of having no thought, project, temptation or desire beyond the present moment.

Anne Reyburn was just nineteen. Hardly any one now her for the time without exclaiming "how like her mother" and to a slight observation there was but little difference but that of age in the shape and the lovely and startling charm of the morning—in the mother, the more subdued beauty of the advancing day, but on a study. Anne revealed feelings of greater depth than her mother's, was a more impulsive girl, liable too to find their way in more uncertain and more obvious channels—a character better fitted for the world and circumstances than to be moulded by them.

My friend suffered the formation of her children's characters rather by the atmosphere of affection and kindness with which the surrounded her and them by any direct bearing of authority upon them. This is an calm-cable and sufficient agent with gentle and pliable materials. Anne has one of those strong characters that must be fed from the hardest work of education the training of temper, the subduing of passion, the mastering of reason must fight the battle of life.

I am tempted to frame Anne's character, which is curious enough in these days of tame work-day existence and rapid training. (boasting she calls it,) but her portrait in all its unframed luxuriance, would fill more than the space we have more assigned to other matter so we must her to be content at by a few glimpses of her heart through her words.

She began to read us to, but the read rather demurely. Her poetic nature was awakened to the most feeling note the mountains and finally coming upon Dr Johnson's saying that he believed marriages would on all happy as they are matches were made by the best chancellor she threw down the volume saying. "What a detestable old prose he is! What did he know about happy marriages."

"Doctor Johnson an old goose!" said one of the little younger girls, "I wish Anne" (I shall not discover you will make next)"

"I dare say, Clara, you would like a husband of the chancellor's choosing, and would take him with a "thank you, sir" and "if you like him, so I am sure I shall. Now, Imogen save me even from our dear chancellor, M——'s, choosing a husband for me."

"And yet, Anne," said her mother. "I am not sure that you would not in the end be happier with a husband of my wise man's selection than with one of your own choosing."

"I don't care about the end, mamma. I will to be happy in the beginning."

A light laugh, which Anne left to be against her cut round the circle. She waited till it was past, and then said, very emphatically, "I am sure all laugh but at there one of you, from Miss ——down to Lilly, that would not think it a disgrace to marry any man but him of your own heart's election?"

"Certainly not, Anne," replied her mother, "but you, my dear child, I presume, would have that election decided by love alone."

"Assuredly, for that alone influences the heart. Reason and judgement, which weigh heavily in the learned chancellor's balance, are not of a feather's weight in the heart's scale."

But strictly worthless as reason and judgment are in themselves, Anne," said Mrs. Reyburn, with a grave smile, "may they not be allowed to exercise or influence, or even to decide an insufficient love?"

"No, no—oh, no, mamma! An insufficient love is no love at all; is good for nothing. The man I marry I must I must have a love that decides nothing, fears nothing, hopes all things and believes all things. The whole world's love would not advance him one jot in my affection, nor its distaste throw one shade over him."

"The whole world!" That is talking in very general terms; but suppose a case. If you had a lover whom you liked extremely but did not love, according to your extravagant notions of love——"

"Extravagant, mamma!"

"Do not interrupt me, Anne. Suppose that your father and I approved him, would choose him from all the world; but you; that your brothers were his warm friends; that the children loved him"——

"You need not suppose anything more mamma. It would not all have the slightest influence on me —all could not. Love cannot and goes whither it will. If reasons were as theirs as blackberries they could not create love, and marriage is disgraceful without love."

"Most sacred Sir, that horneth nightly
In loving bosoms!"

I grieve to say, Anne; but remember that same poetic oracle when you have quoted, also says—

"Whether it is to use or to abuse,
Or savors more of custom or of fancy,
Comes doubt so posterous
As makes the flow of happiest marriage. Do not you?" said my friend, appealing to me, and trusting that as her contemporary I had arrived at her more sober point of view.

I confess my sympathies were with the daughter; but I compromised between the opposing parties on her as to say, that I deemed love without reason perilous, reason without love inadmissible and the only sure basis love sanctioned by reason.

Mrs. Reyburn admitted the distinction. It was right, but she contended that there were many modifications—many aspects of love, that characters were so various, and that life was so different in reality from what youth pictured it: that she had seen so many affected lives ruined by rash self-trust and believed all things" wrecked in the first year of marriage; that for her part, she would rather her girls would trust to a more rational and safer sentiment than that which made the imagination of poetry the basis of romance.

"I will tell you a true story, girls," she said; "a love-story, I call it. Perhaps it will rectify some of your notions. My heroine was a friend of my own——as well as of mine. She knew as well as I the parties and circumstances, as well much for as I can, though indeed there is nothing in them so incredible as to require a voucher.

"A Mr. Ewing, the friend of our parents, died immediately after some reverses in his business, and left his wife with a large young family, and an impaired fortune. Mrs. Ewing took a small house, and let her two best rooms to a single gentleman who boarded with her and paid her liberally—Mr. John Sheale. His companions were Miss Mr. John Sheale, but his acquaintances were graceful and pleasing. He was about thirty when he first took possession of his rooms. Mrs. Ewing of the cool to say he gave her no more trouble than a kitten, and yet he had his particularities. Though his rooms were tasteful, with every convenience and elegance, he did not scruple to let in all the little discomforts of a rainy day—to open the windows they were—and they might wrap themselves in the bed-clothes, pull down the curtains, pile up the fire and ring the bell for hours and longs and they but touch his portraits and books, and the little sinner, like their unhappy progenitor, were very apt to weave their fingers into them, and they were so driven forth from their paradise and the doors shut upon them. Sheale would try his best to look indignant, but the sun always shone through the clouds, and the little wretches were weather-wise enough to know that its rays could not last long there, and though Sheale had told them they never should enter his room again, and Mrs. Ewing with many apologies and promises, had locked the door, they were sure to find it open (whether Sheale had left it unfastened on purpose, or whether it was by the agency of fairy hands I cannot say) and would be in his room as before.

"Mrs. Ewing had a daughter, Miss Mr. John Sheale, but his acquaintances were graceful and pleasing. He was about thirty when he first took possession of his rooms. Mrs. Ewing of the cool to say he gave her no more trouble than a kitten, and yet he had his particularities. Though his rooms were tasteful, with every convenience and elegance, he did not scruple to let in all the little discomforts of a rainy day—to open the windows they were—and they might wrap themselves in the bed-clothes, pull down the curtains, pile up the fire and ring the bell for hours and longs and they but touch his portraits and books, and the little sinner, like their unhappy progenitor, were very apt to weave their fingers into them, and they were so driven forth from their paradise and the doors shut upon them. Sheale would try his best to look indignant, but the sun always shone through the clouds, and the little wretches were weather-wise enough to know that its rays could not last long there, and though Sheale had told them they never should enter his room again, and Mrs. Ewing with many apologies and promises, had locked the door, they were sure to find it open (whether Sheale had left it unfastened on purpose, or whether it was by the agency of fairy hands I cannot say) and would be in his room as before.

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"Mamma," interrupted Clara Reyburn, "you said you were going to tell a love story!"

"So I am, my dear, and I am just introducing you to one of the heroes.

"That Mr. Sheale, mamma? Why you said he was thirty years old!"

"Yes, Clara, and he was thirty-five, before I came to the knee part of my story.

Mr. Sheale, however, considered the matter differently. Mrs. Reyburn proceeded:

Mr. Sheale was not rich but he had an easy fortune and naturally refined and luxurious habits, but it did like the quiet and plentiful down of heaven, on the right and on the left. There was no burden in his life, and he had the best possible to make this Ewing live in a house not free of which he had taken a new and old child that with them he had age given up as hopeless. He kept a servant and secretly paid him double wages for doing Mrs. Ewing's work. He gave Miss Ewing money to be shape of a French dancing or music master that he wanted to give a little money to, and Mrs. Ewing would patronize either kind of instruction for the children to take lessons of them, as he did not like to ask them to take money without an equivalent. That was something like screwing the nail up straight by telling two fools with one stone.

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"Oh, now the love story is coming, cried Clara Reyburn.

"And reason never love, said Anne.

Her mother smiled and went on—

"Kate was a lightsome, lovely, happy-tempered young creature. She had been from the beginning a petite favorite of Sheale's, but for the last two or three years he had regarded rather more reserved to ward her. While she was a child he was unlimited in his beneficence to her. Her room was filled with his gifts. Dolls and parrots and fairy tales and the portfolio of rare wood block cases—all were his gifts. All our expensive masters had been employed by him. Nor he ceased to be her open benefactor, some good earthly providence seemed to have given him the office of watching Kate's progress. If a new book worth having appeared, she was the first to possess it, and never had she occasion to say, "I wish Aunt" (for that was the appellation appeared at the door. Kate was not very far-sighted in such matters. She did not see why Mr. Sheale should make confidants of her mother rather than herself, but she knew it was so, and was sagacious enough to see that always done. Her simple hearted mother was easily eluded.

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"But, mamma, interrupted Anne Reyburn, "I trust Mr. Sheale was not a very bachelor. I can imagine a girl of Miss Ewing's age, falling desperately in love with a man, even if he were fifty, if he were tall, with a pale, marble complexion, and one large dark eyes and plenty of black hair."

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I confess my sympathies were with the daughter; but I compromised between the opposing parties on her as to say, that I deemed love without reason perilous, reason without love inadmissible and the only sure basis love sanctioned by reason.

Mrs. Reyburn admitted the distinction. It was right, but she contended that there were many modifications—many aspects of love, that characters were so various, and that life was so different in reality from what youth pictured it: that she had seen so many affected lives ruined by rash self-trust and believed all things" wrecked in the first year of marriage; that for her part, she would rather her girls would trust to a more rational and safer sentiment than that which made the imagination of poetry the basis of romance.

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"So I am, my dear, and I am just introducing you to one of the heroes.

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